And say, I am reuenge sent from below,
To ioyne with him and right his hainous wrongs,
Knocke at his study where they say he keepes,
To ruminate strange plots of diere Reuenge,
Tell him Reuenge is come to ioyne with him,
And worke confusion on his enemies.

They knocke and Titus opens his studie dore.

Titus. Who doth molest my contemplation?
Is it your tricke to make me ope the dore,
That so my sad decrees may flie away,
And all my studie be to no effect?
You are deceaud, for what I meane to doe,
See heere in bloody lines I haue set downe,
And what is written shall be executed.
Tamora. *Titus*, I am come to talke with thee,
Titus. No not a word: how can I grace my talke,
Wanting a hand to giue that accord,
Thou hast the ods of me, therefore no more. (me
Tamora. If thou didst know me thou wouldst talke with
Titus. I am not mad, I know thee well enough,
Witnes this wretched stump, witnes these crimson lines,
Witnes these trenches made by griefe and care,
Witnes the tyring day and heauie night,
Witnes all sorrow that I know thee well
For our proud Empresse, mighty *Tamora*:
Is not thy comming for my other hand?
Tamora. Know thou sad man, I am not *Tamora*,
She is thy enemie, and I thy friend,
I am Reuenge sent from th'infernall Kingdome,
To ease the gnawing vulture of thy minde,
By working wreakefull vengeance on thy foes;

Come

Come downe and welcome me to this worlds light,
Confferre with me of murder and of death,
There's not a hollow Caue or lurking place,
No vast obscurity or misty vale,
Where bloody murther or detested rape,
Can couch for feare but I will finde them out,
And in their eares tell them my dreadfull name,
Reuenge, which makes the foule offenders quake.
Titus. Art thou Reuenge, and art thou sent to me,
To be a torment to mine enemies?
Tamora. I am, therefore come downe and welcome me.
Titus. Doe me some seruice ere I come to thee,
Loe by thy side where Rape and Murder stands,
Now giue some surance that thou art Reuenge,
Stab them or teare them on thy Chariot wheeles,
And then Ile come and be thy Waggoner,
And whirle along with thee about the Globes.
Prouide thee two proper palfreies, as blacke as Iet,
To hale thy vengefull Waggon swift away,
And finde out murder in their guilty cares.
And when thy Car is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the Waggon wheele,
Tret like a seruile footeman all day long,
Euen from *Eperns* rising in the East,
Vntill his very downefall in the Sea.
And day by day ile doe this heauy taske,
So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.
Tamora. These are my ministers and come with me.
Titus. Are them thy ministers, what are they call'd?
Tamora. Rape and Murder, therefore called so,
Cause they take vengeance of such kinde of men.
Titus. Good Lord how like the Empresse Sonnes they are
And you the Empresse: but we worldly men
Haue miserable mad mistaking eyes.

Oh